

KRS-One Lyrics

"Are You Ready For This"

[Chorus:]

Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)

Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)

Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)

Well we just can't miss (drop the beat like this)

Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)

Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)

Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)

Well we just can't miss

Well when I speak this

I'ma be like this, I'ma be like Kris

I'ma teacher, I'ma preacher, I'ma free my kids

I'ma grow dem and show dem what a leader is

I'ma teach dem the laws of receive and give

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, believe and live

You done heard the hype, COME to where the talent is

"I'm Still #1," yup you heard right

People say, "KRS-One you shine bright!"

Others say, "Yo - you rhyme tight"

When you find me, you find light, and that's alright

I don't know about pimpin, sellin women like retail

Or turning coke into crack for resale

But I do know if we fail

In 2020 our children by the million gonna be jailed

We got the victory over the streets

God willin we chillin, we know we gon' eat

I'm a whole different kind of MC, hoes don't like

not tempt me but the ladies treat me oh so gently

Universities sendin me stretch Bentleys

My seminars and lectures, are rarely never empty

We teach students plenty, honorary degrees

Gold and platinum plaques I got many, ask Kenny

People get shocked when I walk into Denny's

Or the corner Kwik-Stop, they say, "That's Hip-Hop

right there," and yeah it's really quite clear

2004 might be the right year

for mental and spiritual repair

The solution is in the resolution you just declared

[Chorus]

When I speak like this

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, hip-hop philosopher

All in the street well I'm very popular

All through the hood I make all the stops and I

avoid the cops and them random shots well I

love hip-hop and I, live hip-hop so I

spit that shit to get you off your block cause I
can't understand and I, wish I could see dem
cats that talk bout they love the hood and they
never bring the hood anything that's good, and they
rap for the money tree, chasin a company
But I think you can now see, rap is fun to me
I got a ministry, a class, a staff that's under me
KRS in pop rap? Nah, it ain't ought to be
It'll never happen like, you eatin pork with me
Amateurs hawkin me, DON'T EVEN talk to me
My house is in Atlanta but I still got New York in me
Walk with me, most rappers are short to me
I'm like Chamberlain, dominatin the sport you see
I toss MC's off of me
When you hear KRS you say that's how it ought to be

[Chorus]

I drop heat like this!